**Driven**

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# Driven

by TigerPrawn

Summary

*“I drove all night.” Will said, breathlessly.*

*Hannibal frowned, taking that in. New Orleans to Baltimore was at least sixteen hours. Before Hannibal could voice his concern and bafflement, Will continued -*

*“I had to escape, the city was sticky and cruel. Maybe… I should have called you first.” He started nipping and kissing at Hannibal’s jaw as his hands worked at the tie cord on his pyjama trousers. “But I was dying to get to you.”*

[Inspired by I Drove All Night - Roy Orbison] [See Tumblr post for accompanying gifset]

"Will?"

It was the middle of the night and Hannibal was trying to work out if he was really seeing what appeared to be in the dim light of the room.

His boyfriend was undressing as he came towards the bed, crawling in behind him and short of breath. His body was chilled as it made contact with Hannibal's - hands reaching around him and pulling him back tight to Will's chest.

When he gave Will a key months ago, he had never expected this. Will lived in New Orleans, where they had first met during a conference, the key was intended for when Will was visiting and landed at odd times. But they had no plans for this weekend and it was the middle of the night.

"Is everything alright, Will?" Hannibal started to turn in his arms, worried that something was wrong - why else would he have suddenly appeared unannounced? Hannibal's words were swallowed into a hungry kiss. It was several minutes before Will's passion cooled a little and he allowed Hannibal to pull back from him, a quirked brow at this strange encounter.

"I drove all night." Will said, breathlessly.

Hannibal frowned, taking that in. New Orleans to Baltimore was at least sixteen hours. Before Hannibal could voice his concern and bafflement, Will continued -

"I had to escape, rough day at work. The city was sticky and cruel. Maybe… I should have called you first." He started nipping and kissing at Hannibal's jaw as his hands worked at the tie cord on his pyjama trousers. "But I was dying to get to you."

Will kissed him again as his skilled hands pushed Hannibal's trousers down to his thighs.

Hannibal couldn't help the groan as his cock filled against Will's already hard length.

“I was dreaming while I drove. Thinking about you showering, going to bed, wanting to wake next to you...” Will breathed the words against Hannibal’s neck, taking them both in hand and starting to slowly stroke. Hannibal melted a little more with each word. “Could taste your sweet kisses, I could remember the flavour of that pomegranate sauce you made. Tasted so fucking sweet on your lips.” Will was panting out the words as he worked their cocks.

Hannibal could say nothing, biting his lower lip to the point of drawing blood. This would feel like a fever dream if not for the very real body pressed against him.

“Will….” Hannibal finally managed to moan as Will nuzzled at his neck. “What happened… what’s wrong.” He had to force out the words. “You drove all night, crept in my room. Woke me from my sleep… Why?”

Will stopped and pulled back, propping himself on his elbow so that the moonlight from the window highlighted his expression - driven, obsessed.

“To make love to you.” His words were so gentle and soft that Hannibal felt his entire chest expand and tighten.

*Love.*

He saw it clearly in Will, like a veil had been lifted. An absolute reflection for his own, as yet unspoken, love and adoration. Neither of them had declared their love aloud, but he had felt it for some time - perhaps Will had made the same realisation.

“Is that alright?” Will huffed the words in a light laugh as he lowered his lips once more to Hannibal’s neck, nipping his way around to his throat until Hannibal was moaning. Unable to keep any control.

Will continued to talk, mumbling against his skin as Hannibal completely came apart in body and soul.

"No matter where I go, I hear the beating of our one heart." The words tumbled from Will and Hannibal took in a sharp breath. "Corny, I know." He chuckled and continued. "But... I just had to... I think about you when the night is cold and dark. Maybe I'm insane, or sleep deprived or... I have a brain fever or something. But no one can move me the way that you do. I... I needed to tell you that."

"Tell me what Will?" Hannibal's eyes were searching and Will smiled gently, seeing clearly that Hannibal already knew what he was going to say.

"I ache for you.”

Hannibal was trembling, Will’s hand stroked their cocks slowly together, his mouth dragged over his flesh, and his words set his soul ablaze.

I'm in love with you." Will no longer mumbled, but proclaimed it before moving his mouth to Hannibal’s. He spoke against Hannibal’s lips. "I drove all night, woke you from your sleep, to

make love to you. Is that alright?"

“Yes.” The word came out as a breathless moan as his body shuddered with the force of his sudden climax, spilling into Will’s hand as the man swallowed his moans into another passionate kiss and followed him over the edge.

“I love you, Will.”

**One Year Earlier**

The bar had been really busy, especially considering that it's proximity to the precinct meant that the vast majority of regulars were cops. Will only tended to come on nights when he wasn't on shift the next day, or in this case, the next two days.

The bar was busy due to the Crime and Criminal Psychology conference being hosted nearby. Will had managed to sneak into one of the panels on the Tuesday. His shift had finished at midday and it was on profiling so he couldn't resist. The FBI was a long term goal, and this had been worth the indulgence. He'd learned a lot, taken notes - gave him some good ideas for his application.

"Is this seat taken?" A rich and accented voice cut through the din.

Will turned and couldn’t help his chuckle. He had never in his life seen someone wearing such a fancy suit, much less in this bar.

“Free country.” Will finally said after trying and failing to come up with something witty and suave.

The man quirked a brow. “Yes, they do say that.” He paused for a moment before slipping into the stool alongside Will’s.

Will turned back to his beer, his shoulders hunched a little. He wasn’t good with people, as much as he’d like to be at times. He either said something that he thought was charming but usually came out rude, or clammed up completely. The latter coming into effect the moment the man sat. What the hell did he have to say to someone dressed like that?

It didn’t help that the guy’s smooth accent and ridiculous cheekbones robbed him of most of his rational thought.

“Were you here for the conference?” The man asked.

It sent a tingle up Will’s back and he was he could feel himself start to sweat a little. He swallowed, nervous.

“No. No, I’m a cop. I work at the precinct. This is our usual watering hole.” Will tried to sound casual, running his fingers over the moisture on the outside of his glass, that he stared at intently.

“Ah, I see. That explains your interest in profiling.”

“What?” Will spoked sharply and turned with the same force until he was staring wide-eyed at the grinning man.

“I noticed you there. You… make quite the impression.”

Will blushed and turned back to his drink. Yeah, he was sure he had looked pretty out of place in his off duty jeans and flannel shirt amongst a sea of suits. Must have looked real yokel.

“Yeah, I’m sure I did.” Will replied gruffly, hunching more without even intending to.

“I apologise if I offended you. Not all men are comfortable with being complimented by other men.”

Will turned again, this time almost enough to jar his neck. “What?”

“I found you very intriguing when I noticed you at the conference and was elated to see you here. I’m in town for the next few days and hoped to strike up an acquaintance, but I see now that I was-”

“Fuck. I… I uh, sorry…” Will stammered, trying to find any kind of response to that.

“You have nothing to apologise for.” The man drank the last of his wine and set down his glass. “I’m sorry for intruding upon your evening.”

As he went to stand, Will put a hand out and stopped the man, taking hold of his arm.

“Please, no. I’m… not good at this.” Will said, still not quite looking at the man. “Whatever this is.”

The man let out a short and low laugh before resuming his seat. “This is me trying, and failing abysmally, to flirt with you.”

Will looked up at that and let out his own light laugh in return. “It’s not your fault. I’m hard to flirt with. Even worse with romance in general.” He rambled and felt his cheeks redden.

The man’s smile was gentle but somehow still predatory. “Romance is an art. But love, that is the difficulty, that is where romance gets you. There is something wonderful and dreadful about love.”

“Cynic huh?” Will smiled, starting to relax.

“Oh, not at all.” The man considered for a moment. “Not a cynic so much as… I think love can be all or nothing. A consumption.”

“Ah.” Will nodded. “You’re worse, you’re one of those die hard romantics who wants someone to fly across the country in the middle of the night to declare their love the moment they realise they’ve fallen for you.”

The man’s grin grew, it was lopsided and a little dopey, but took nothing from his suave appearance.

“You have seen through me completely.” He chuckled.

“I read people well.” Will shrugged and returned the grin.

They both chuckled and resumed sitting comfortably. “Can I buy you a drink?” Will asked. "Will." He held out his hand to shake and the man took it, a light thumb over the back of his hand as they shook.

"Hannibal. And yes, I would love to have a drink with you Will."

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